A SILENT BUGGY INSECT

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. A Silent Buggy Insect, pages 4 to 5

2. The Singing Missile, pages 6 to 8

3. The Singing Beach, pages 9 to 13

4. A Native From Africa, pages 14 to 20

5. The Toy Story’s Peril, pages 21 to 23

6. The Blonde And Brunette Dreams, pages 24 to 26

7. The Schrodinger’s Cat, pages 27 to 30

8. The Superiority Of Google, pages 31 to 33

9. The Woman From Phuket, Thailand, pages 34 to 35

10. The Rats That Bat, pages 36 to 39

A Silent Buggy Insect

A silent buggy insect
It was in solitary place forever
It was looking to his environment surrounding
It emitted light and heat and sound and sight
It was very fast in emitting them all

My soul can’t help but marvel at his stance
The sea of volume and density and mass
It constantly finds and connects the wisdom around him
The bridge of Jesus Christ it needs to drop the anchor in the sea of hopelessness
So that when he falls you will be able to catch him without remorse

table of contents

The Singing Missile

The bathroom king is beautifully singing
As the soap is used all over again
To be slid and bubbling and washed
The clothes are wet but not the body
Then outside the room they dry
The sun is scorchingly hot

The hearts and souls unite
The dirt from the day is wasted
The wet and dry make their mysteries
They purify the atomic sensitivity
Then from the universe space is coming
The atomic cosmic splintering
My life has been a mess so far
Do know if my life be better off
I’m so idle and so my heart as well
Of laughter and pain of happiness disdain
Too many worryings and strongholds
As I am sweeping the house of thoon
I will easily grab a job or work
That is given to me a windless broke
For it gives me faith love and hope
So that finally I will memorize
The periodic table of elements and the missiles it makes

Like when singing missiles hit the ground

table of contents

The Singing Beach

I am a patriot from the land of the brave and free
This is not even a life or death situation
I don’t even eat the books presented
They’re all the same just different in appearance
The love is to succumb to family

They always do get trembling
To be born again is not a solution to make
The strangers are just there lurking
And righteousness again will reign
The beaches are truly singing
But I don’t think the beaches laugh
While it was so dark
Sensing the missiles scud
The sound of onomatopoeia
That are adjacent to the beach
The rifle sounded deafening next to my ear
The sentry superhero is so strong
But not as strong as captain atom
I don’t know if strangers love me for who and what I am
Not just the beautiful things I give them
I hope the strangers and I agree

For peace without war is futile
To stay in the mud is not a pleasant thing to do
For it is like hell chocolated brown
Like ink in the pen mixed with red bloody crown
I hope I can storytell still more than this
The singing beach is shaking still
My spine is waving to the deepest ocean
The waters are life firing rifles
Taking in the onomatopoeia of wind blowing
Like a starfish left on the shore
Emitting a light of no tomorrow
The night is speaking to us in a hurried light
To glory is not what we want to be
The empire is sure to fall one day

Peace can’t be made without bloody wars
And the empire will cease to exist
So we must always strive to fight
For the defense of our beautiful home
To treat the beach of Omaha with care
But it’s still the same with or without world wars
Going back to the beach
I am tired of world warring
Renewing the hardened rifle’s hand
Keeping the bullets sing the beach
The beach sings a beautiful tune
Dreams that I will be victorious
On the day the battles would end
When strangers unite
And apply our brotherly love
So that wars and peace
Become Warren Peace

table of contents

A Native From Africa

The night proposes its bitterness
And the December nights are so cold
Heaven must have heard my prayers
I love the food from Africa
But most of all the love from the continent

The dead must also have noticed
The prisoners must have noticed
they’re perishing
The winter is with cold embrace
The wars we fought are there in the air
so beautiful
Knowledge can never be further from
the truth
This war is so dangerous
The frontliners are in great peril
When it’s time to die it’s time to die
For we choose to fight and after that to
have everlasting peace
We break the rules and laws just to win
We sense that this is a lost cause
The forces of good versus the forces of
evil
The planet Earth is full of wars
Both sides proving they’ve won

But this is a careless proposition
The native of Africa is tired of wars
They just pray to God in their own temples
In the body that is tarnished and varnished
There is great honor not in religion
The Son of the Most High Living God
To apply His peace to all
The wisdom of the Lord God is greater than us
Better than ice cream and rocky road
The Lord loves a wise decision
Greater than antique vases
God doesn’t make mistakes
His help is ever growing
The bitterness must be kept behind
His laws are strict but good to obey

No power against the Lord will ever win
His love is deep within
Principalities and powers are all around us
Fallen angels wrote beautiful songs
Logic is love of God in Christ
So use logic wisely perseverant scientist
The scientific method is good to the mind
And experimentally ever beckoning
To observe is also a good thing
Chemicals must be handled accurately
So that the lab would be preserved
Trees do grow from a waterly love
This is really the case
Lies are efficient but only sometimes
When the truth cannot set you free

Lies are circling dots and lines
Truth is still the prince of peace
We think we lie but we say the truth
The talent to choose is better to boost
Joy is another beautiful emotion
The opposite of alone
We are in the golden age of happiness
So be careful not to be sad always
Let you be meaningful always
And never treat your enemy badly
For words can be weaponized
Always make sure they are at peace
Judge no one before you
Be careful with what you say
Emotions and reasons go together
You just must choose which is the highway
The world will soon come to an end
The prophecies are so true

Do not keep to yourself things of old
Like fire it will consume you
Love the Lord always prioritizing Him
Forgive and be forgiven forget and be forgotten
Even the chemicals will be corroded
History can and may repeat itself
So always treasure and cherish not the dead
Do not accuse no do not
Especially when you don’t have anything to wot
Darkness always cover the night
Anything is possible with God
The enemies dominate the people of old
And travel to the present and future
Happiness emanates from a loving heart
The enemies cannot discern

To tell the truth is the best option
Telling the truth will lead you through
The true king will ascend the mountains
It is strict to not fight the cause
We must be happy sometimes
Our lips must proclaim the truth
This is the age and era of the native from Africa

table of contents

The Toy Story’s Peril

I am not getting myself in the field of x and ys
For the neighbour was told of his sins
His past life was as good as silver pins
He was promised to bloom and blossom
To be brought with the toy basketball
He did what was supposed to happen

21

The lighter was far outweighed in this
Then he was safe all along
Like chemicals in the laboratory’s assault
There was a strong powerful electric phenomenon
And the house was filled with the toy story’s peril
The toy was black and dark
The sound of the doorbell is overpowering
The workers are not yet finished with the construction
Break their bodies with intensity
The best and brightest of tomorrow
The house constructed was indeed okay
It did not wave ever so asunder
It did not fall to the pavement outside
No nothing happened like it

The house was still alive and not dead
Where brevity’s but a thing of the past
the present and the future
And names are advertised to take the blame
Like the toy story’s dangerous perils

table of contents

The Blonde And Brunette Dreams

My dreams involve the brown brunette hair
Given by the blue yellow winter’s Zaire
The guitar is struck by the playing sane
Lonely just laid out the summer’s game
The flowers are blooming beyond the zone

The bright birds singing in the one might cone
The oxygen is in the Earth’s atmosphere
Sooner or later it would be near
I love the blonde and brunette dreams too
Making it beautiful for me and you
The poems are singing the tune of songs
My mind is enlightened and my heart is thronged
The sunshine radiates and the rainfall becomes
Like the atomic and nuclear bombs
Crying seeps the tear stains anew
Happiness makes room for me and you
Oceans rise and waters slow
The whole Earth rides like no tomorrow

The sunlight moves and flies within
Near to the heart and the right mind’s sin
The happiness has gotten the best of us
The dreams of blond and brunette appeared at last
The petted dog and cats unite
As they show their love in winter’s blithe
I see that it’s good to have blonde brunette dreams
Like air like water in the paradise seams

table of contents

The Schrodinger’s Cat

The paws and claws that break anew
That cat is the flowing loving through
He puzzles the way people unite
The police cars just pass me by
There’s no one like this cat
He abides by the laws of mat
The way he stares must have gotten

When you and I were then
He always moves fast whether run or fly
He teleports and never subsides
He’s got all the fat in the world
He’s got a beautiful face all o’er
His imagination is very wild
He never fails to bewilder guile
He nods and shakes the head instituting lake
He wants to monitor the cakes you bake
He’s hostile to others but friendly to us
When he reaches the road and hits the bus
He’s full of respect of love and trust
He walks the mile and makes the thrust
He doesn’t weaponize everything around him

For he waits patiently for his food and drink
He makes wonders the song of poems
And listens to his mow meowing lawn
He makes friends with humans and other cats
Until he loses his tempered glass
When the kitchen is messy of paper slits
Except him to declutter the moment of blitz
He never unveils the facial expression
That allows him to rest in certain fruition
He is a cat like no other
For he is a loyal not deceiving otter
He always is missing because he teleports

From one place to another even through the airports
Everytime he does this we are worried so
Because the Schrodinger’s cat has no tomorrow

table of contents

The Superiority Of Google

Google has a smelling power
That senses competitors from afar
The flowers that bring monopoly
This is what Sergey Brin means
His brain and mind is focused in giving
Google the ability to succeeding
Google is superior to all

Which competitors can’t comprehend
It is the light that shines that helps
That Christian company induces
The laws in the universe
Are ever before it
Google uses water
And perfume and anything liquid
To make its company smooth-sailing
And its reign forever
It uses lightning and thunder
To fight its enemies in the sea of tranquility
It doesn’t make mistakes it just calculates and discerns
The cyclone forms from the west
And the typhoon from the east
But the Bride and Bridegroom appears from the center

Where love of them emanates from
God above
Google can do anything
For nothing is impossible with him
It can detect the competition
And burn the ever hurt

table of contents

The Woman From Phuket, Thailand

A woman was born in Phuket, Thailand
Who was rich but now is poor
Poor of spiritual things like God and Jesus
She struggles to get her faith back
For she exchanged it with gold and silver

And all the money in the world
So she regrets now doing so
And she wants her faith back like
there’s no tomorrow

table of contents

The Rats That Bat

The rat went back to his home
Very buggy and very batty
His chest is worrying still
Resulting in a hurried state
What a spoiled bratty bat
Battling the songs of baseball bat

Chasing the moving cheese in the kitchen
This rat cannot get over humans
He sinned and sinned again
And lost the respect he deserves
Which makes him surprised most of the time
We all die and this rat as well
This rat stole my reffy cheese
But still lived to steal again
He is so brave to confront me
Requesting hostilities
I never miss a time of reckoning
His house is already in ruin
But still he does again
A new becoming green
The winter comes and still he’s outside his house
The plantation outside is destroyed

Summer is next and I still ponder
It’s not comfortable under the sun’s heat
Even other rats come fast to live
Until they reach this rat’s abode
I wept and my wife as well
These rats have cost us our home
Nothing but trouble with these
From winter to summer’s bliss
Rat, you have no more chance
To move into our house again
For man is angry because of thee
Nothing but suffering you give us still
No happiness unending feel
But only if we have peace
And when we connect the envious flesh
If forward we proceed
I finally will see
That you rats that bat are faithful three

table of contents

title page

author

39